

Why am I the Victim? A Will Byers Monologue by ImAwfulAtComingUpWithUsernames

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Summary: Will has been the victim for his whole life. After the mind-flayer took everything from him, he's done being the victim.

Why am I the Victim? A Will Byers Monologue

WARNING: This one-shot does contain suicidal thoughts, but no suicidal actions

He was in my head. I had no control.

People had died because of me. Because I was too weak to stand up to the mind-flayer.

Yet no one blames me for any of the deaths I had caused. They all knew that the mind-flayer was the mastermind behind all the death and destruction. I was only the victim.

Victim.

A word that I absolutely hated.

Why am I always the victim?

What did I do to deserve this pain? To be haunted by these memories?

Does God hate me? Did I do something wrong?

Just for once, I'd like to be the hero. The strong one who saves the damsel in distress.

I know I'll never be as smart as Mike, or as brave as Lucas or Dustin, but someday I really hope to save their butts and rub it in their faces even years after just to have a good laugh.

But I have a feeling that day might not come.

I still feel the mind-flayers presence in me. Something is still drawing me back to that horrible place. Something that won't rest until its task is complete.

The mind-flayer isn't done with me yet.

Sometimes I go back there in my dreams.

Back to that awful, godforsaken place.

I dream that I'm trapped in the upside down while the mind-flayer kills my friends and family right in front of me. He makes me watch them suffer as they die, which is an awful sight to see. Inside my head, all I can hear is the angry cries of my friends and family.

"This is all your fault!" They would tell me. "If only you hadn't been so weak! All you've done is cause chaos! You should have died in the upside down! You don't deserve to live after what you've done!"

Some nights I'll just cry myself to sleep, while others I'll just lie there, my eyes wide open.

My mother has always been my closest friend, right next to my brother. They're always telling me I can tell them anything, but I know that's not completely true. If I told her about my dreams she'd probably make me go back to whatever's left of Hawkins Lab so they can run some stupid tests on me.

And I never want to back to that place.

There are just too many painful memories there.

The mind-flayer killed all those innocent people. I killed them. I wanted to warn the doctor that they were walking into a trap so badly. But again, the mind-flayer's grip was too strong.

I know that I wasn't the one who killed all those men, but I can't help but feel responsible. The guiltiness has just infected me down to the bone that sometimes I feel like I'm not worthy to live. My brother called it survivor's guilt.

My grandfather fought in WW2 and was one of the few survivors from his unit. His best friend was killed by the Germans right in front of him in broad daylight. He spent the rest of his short life feeling guilty, thinking that he was the one who should've died instead of his friend until he took his own life in his cabin.

Now, I'm never going to do anything as drastic as take my own life, but I've thought about it in the past before.

Back when Lonnie still lived with us, he would always put me down, calling me things like a fag, queer, and other awful terms that made me feel like I was a disappointment to everyone.

There were times when my mother's knife would just be sitting on the kitchen counter and would have a split second thought to take the knife and cut myself.

After that though kept recurring in my mind, I lived in a state of fear. I had no idea where this thought had come from, but for a period of time, I was so scared this voice in my head was eventually going to take control of me and make me do something that I would regret.

So I talked to my brother.

I told him about everything; my father, the bullies at school, and even the suicidal thought I was beginning to have.

Jonathan completely understood what I was going through. He didn't judge me like other people would of if I told them what I was going through. He helped me get rid of those feelings, and made me feel like I was worth something. He own made sure that I wasn't a victim to my own mind. I probably wouldn't of been her without him. I told him everything, and he told me everything.

That was until I got trapped in the upside down.

At school, I became known as the freak. Everyone at my school treated me differently after that. Even my own friends. They all treated me as if there was something wrong with me; As if I was going to break at any moment. It didn't help, it just made me feel like wore of a freak.

After being rescued, I found it harder and harder to talk to my brother. Something about that place had changed me. I started sharing less and less, until our daily catching up just stopped.

I sometimes wonder if things would have been different if I had opened up more to Jonathan. Or to any of my friends, actually. I I had let him be there for me, would any of this be different?

But one thing is certain. I refuse to be the victim from now on, no

matter how difficult it is. I will not let the mind-flayer get the better of me.

Not anymore.

AN: Thank you so much for reading my first one-shot! I'm very new to writing, so sorry if any of this is cringy. I really tried to capture the emotions of Will Byers and everything he's gone through, but got kind of sidetracked near the end. I tried tying it all together but feel as if it didn't really work. I may go back and edit this later and try to make it all fit better together. But nevertheless, don't be afraid to leave a like or a comment.